

Over My Head by Leverne

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Summary: Sam Henderson's life was pretty simple. She focused on her art, saving money for her art, and her little brother. In that order. The new guy in town, Billy Hargrove, change things. Him coupled with her little brothers' behavior, make Sam discover some strange new things. Rated M for future chapters.

Over My Head

So, this is just me trying to get in the groove of writing again. I have an layout for this story, all the way to the end for once, so I am really gonna try to finish this one for real. It may take a while, but I really want to. I love the 80's, but I weren't born until -89 so I technically have no memory of living during the 80's, therefore all my inspirations will be from simple research. So if you spot any wrongs, that I haven't mentioned are on purpose, please let me know and I'll try to regulate them.

Anyway, hope you guys like and thanks for reading! :)

Chapter One: MAD MAX

27th of October 1983

Samantha Henderson had always been determined, even as a child. She'd been taught to embrace her quirks and that if she wanted something, to make it happen herself. Her determination had helped her solve all kinds of problems, ranging from how to convince her parents to let her stay up a little later, make her younger brother do the dishes instead of her, to juggling school-work, being a older sister and her artwork. That determination had been a life-saver when her father went away when Sam had been twelve and her mother started feeling scared of the out-doors. Isolating herself and becoming more dependent on the television and their cat, Mews. As Sam grew out of her pre-teens and into her teens, life got easier at home. Dustin grew older and blossomed under Sam's love and his mother's doting, never fearing to be himself with his friends, who soon became like brothers to him. The three Henderson's couldn't have been more different from each other, but their home was filled with love.

It was that determination that this summer had her working every other weekend at the general store unpacking shipments. Joyce Byers, mother of her childhood-friend Jonathan had helped her get the job. It was Sam's last lazy summer. The summer before junior year were to start, and she would have to really lay the foundation for her Senior-year. The money she was earning was mostly thought to be for her art-supplies, and of course a few gifts for her mom and

Dustin.

This past weekend she'd done her last shift and had come by the general store this evening to pick up some snacks for her and Dustin. Sam and Dustin were alone for the evening, their mother having been pressured in visiting her sister, so Dustin and Sam had decided to have a pizza night in with cookies and milk as dessert. She'd decided to park outside the local pizza place, and taken a small walk to the general store in the cooling outdoors. The sun still shone brightly in the evenings on the autumn leaves, not really cooling until passed nine.

Hawkins had been a small and quiet place for as long she could remember, but this last year there had been many strange things happening, and Sam had been very scared, as she knew that Dustin had been in the middle of things with his friends. He had always been a strange kid, very fascinated with science and math, opposite from Sam, but he was still her little brother. Her little brother who had his periods of finding her embarrassing when with his friends, sighing at her when she didn't understand all of his analogies to his games and books, but who called her to tell her where he was and who always looked to comfort from her when he was scared. And this last year, he'd been scared a lot. So they'd grown closer and even though Dustin hadn't given her details, he'd said he'd promised the government to take the secret to his grave and if her brother used that as a excuse, Sam figured it had to be important to him to come up with such a excuse, they had managed to talk around the details and Dustin had returned into her lovely brother; but equipped with a few more curse-words. She wasn't sure it was her fault, but she knew her vocabulary was worse then his so she couldn't really say much.

This last year had changed things for her as well, mostly in lieu of Dustin's adventures. She'd grown up with Jonathan Byers and Nancy Wheeler, the three of them doing everything together, later also with Barbara Holland and Trevor Connors. Sam was sure there were photos somewhere in her mothers' trunks of them all naked in a bathtub at age three. As they reached their pre-teens, Nancy and Barb grew closer and Jonathan and Sam shared an interest in photography. Trevor, who was the most studious of the five, quickly made new friends but would still greet and make small talk with Sam

when they met each other. But soon even Jonathan and Sam began to grow apart, Jonathan spending more time with his little brother after their father leaving them, and Sam spending more time at home looking at paintings in books and taking her interest of drawing more seriously. She met new friends in her art-classes and hung out more with them instead of calling for Jonathan, and then one day they were just people nodding to each other in the hallways.

The disappearance and later reported death of Will Byers changed things.

After Will's disappearance, Sam started to spend time with Jonathan again, the two of them realizing that they had several interests in common and sharing the same kind of taste in music. They got talking of memories, which led to them talking of their brothers which led to Jonathan finally breaking down, and Sam lending support by putting on a bad movie and bringing out the junk-food she found in the house. Jonathan had never been one to shy away from his emotions, but Will was special to Jonathan, like younger siblings were. It was when Barb disappeared that Nancy showed up.

Sam knew it wasn't fair, but she was more upset with Nancy than Jonathan for drifting apart. Mostly it had to do with that with Trevor and Jonathan, they naturally grew apart, but Nancy had replaced Sam with Barb. She'd shut Sam out. Naturally, Nancy didn't understand a thing, sweet little Nancy Wheeler who could do no wrong, so yet again Sam was kept out of the loop as Jonathan and Nancy ran around. She tried to ask them what they were doing, but Jonathan had always been one to stay quiet, and Nancy.. Nancy was always going to be a sore spot for Sam. She felt like Nancy didn't want her to know, didn't want Sam to get involved. So Sam didn't. She'd never been one to push her presence where it wasn't wanted.

Dustin had been upset and angry, the two of them having big screaming-fights that always ended with Dustin in tears and later him sleeping cuddled in her arms. That was a secret of course; no one would ever know that he slept like a baby cuddled in his sisters' arms. As Will's death was reported, Sam tried to not pressure Dustin in his stress and out-acting behavior; he started to run around with his friends more, yelling about small things, and instead she continued on like before. Creating her art, spending time with the few friends

she had and ignoring his rudeness. But it had been difficult to not grab her brother and shake out the truth of what was wrong with him, she only didn't cause she knew that it wouldn't have worked on herself either.

But they grew closer. Their mom had always been a bit ditzy, taking most of her cues from their father, so when he wasn't around anymore she was unsure of things. She still loved them and made sure they knew she cared, but she wasn't one to really investigate how they were feeling.

As Sam entered the store, she nodded at Joe behind the cash register and walked towards the milk-fridge and grabbed a packet of chocolate-cookies on her way back. She shot a glance of curiosity at the door as it opened and what seemed like a family of four entered. The man who entered was tall with short dark hair and stern-looking eyes. The woman after him looked softer and was shorter than him with long orange-red hair. He kept a hand on the small of her back, leading her forward as the daughter, with her mother's hair and looked to be Dustin's age, and the son, about Sam's age, followed them in. The man gave his son a stern look and the guy sighed as he walked towards the magazines, the daughter following her parents. Sam kept her eyes on the son and let them go over him from the bottom and up.

He was handsome in that bad-boy rough looking way wearing tight blue jeans, black shirt and a light blue jean-jacket. He had dark-blonde curly hair, falling in that hazardous way that made it look effortless, a strong chin and soft-looking lips. She blushed at the thought. He looked like a replica of the metal-bands that were popular at the moment, the long hair and unbuttoned shirt that showed off the tan and hint of his chest. She cleared her throat nervously as she looked up at his eyes, and found them on her, and hurried off towards the register to pay for her things.

"Hey Joe, how are you?" she greeted the man who had the same bored look on his face as he always did.

"Just fine. Fine fine fine-" he answered before beginning to talk of his wife and her new obsession with fitness. Sam kept her eyes on Joe, but swore she could feel the guy's eyes scan her body. She knew that

her looks weren't anything special, her body on the more curvier side and with her unruly brown hair (*'with gold highlights, thank you very much'* she could hear her friend Tina say with that preppy voice in her head) thrown to lay in a side part to the left (as always), she was pretty average. This evening she wore her dad's old grey 'Cream' band t-shirt with, a pair of high-rise blue jeans and black chuck-taylors; feeling like she blended well in with the crowd on most days.

"-as long as she don't touch my Bud's she can do whatever she want" he muttered and Sam snorted, handing over the right amount when asked and pocketing the change.

"Let her fuss, you know you like it" Sam winked and Joe grumbled but didn't contradict her. As the couple came up to pay, Sam thanked Joe and went to walk out. She blamed her curiosity for looking to her left, meeting the eyes of the guy again as he now stood smirking at her, leaning against the wall. She smiled as she looked away from him, feeling flattered that he was looking at her and ducked her head shaking it. She wasn't one to catch guys' eyes, not that she was one to be out so much that they could see her, but she wasn't conventionally beautiful. She'd been out on some dates, and made out with a boy or two on parties; but nothing more came out of it. She'd had a crush on Noah last year, him being one of the more quiet popular-guys, but while Steve had managed to wise up, *'Thanks to Nancy'* Sam reluctantly admitted, Noah had attached himself further on to Tommy's wagon. Sam had no interest in joining that rude and mean train.

"Dustin!" she yelled as she tried to balance the boxes of pizza, her bag and a bottle of soda through the entrance of their house, sighing as she could hear him in his room making shooting noises and commentary on things.

"Dustin! Food's here!" Yup, that worked. Dustin came hurrying out but slowed down as he realized that Sam was still standing in the living room, food still in her hands. As he processed the beginnings of a glare, he hurried forward exclaiming "Pizza, awesome!" to take the boxes and helped her set out plates while Sam brought out the glasses.

The two of them stepped around each other in a practiced dance that

had them quickly seated on their sofa in front of the television, talking of how their day's been. Dustin told her all about the costume he was creating; he and the boys were going to be "The Ghostbusters" and he had even created the little box to collect ghosts in. He'd told her three times what it was called, but she just called it the little box to collect ghosts in. It annoyed him that she said it wrong, which made her smile.

"You excited then? For Halloween? You guys have your route planned?" Sam smiled and took another slice, wiping her mouth with a napkin as the excess fat dripped. She grinned at her younger brother as he did the same, but with the back of his hand.

"Yeah-" Dustin smiled excitedly and started to draw with his finger on the table "-we're thinking of starting with the Davidson's, then across the street to-" Sam listened and nodded as Dustin continued, remembered when she had been as enthusiastic together with Jonathan and Trevor about planning the route to make sure they would access the most amount of candy. They'd written down their loot from previous years (Trevor's idea of course) where the cheapskates lived, where they could find their favorites and where they could get the most amount of candy. Sam knew that she and Jonathan had shared their findings with their brothers, but of course sworn them to secrecy so that the findings were kept within a closed circle. Sam knew that keeping secrets weren't Dustin's specialty, but she had faith in Will. She loved that kid.

"Don't forget about Principial Coleman,-" Sam said as she realized Dustin hadn't mentioned him "-he might be the principal, but that just means that he's bought tons of candy for all you kids. Aaaand-" she continued "-he always buys nougat." She grinned as he said "shit, yeah" in remembrance and joy. She shook her head at his language, but kept on grinning at his enthusiasm. After a while they entered the tired and silent stage of their dinner, where they just leaned back and watched the television before the time came for bed. It had always been ease to make Dustin go to bed, he loved to sleep so with a "night bud" and pat of his head, Sam closed the door to his room and went to her own room and snuggled down.

That weekend hadn't been much to note. Sam hung out with Trevor a couple of hours, grabbing a burger and listening to Trevor gush over

the journalist in town; Mr. Murray Bauman. He was certain there was a conspiracy at work in the town of Hawkins. Trevor had told Sam all about how he'd read up on Murray's articles and that he'd become a threat to the Russians and it was because of that he was visiting Hawkins. To stay under the radar for a while. Sam had just stared at Trevor and then after a while shrugged. Maybe Trevor was right. There had been some strange things happening this last year. Why not the Russians?

Other than that, their mother came home, scolding Sam for letting Dustin eat Pizza since it apparently made him constipated. Sam snorting and Dustin exclaiming "Mom!" before muttering about her embarrassing him. Sunday had Sam relaxing at home, sketching on a potential painting for class. She shook her head listening to Dustin turn their home upside down hunting for quarters, he and the guys were off to the arcade, and so opened her drawer, took out a few coins, not really looking at how much they were worth and held her hand out as Dustin came rushing in. He jumped on top of her, thanking her, before rushing out, talking in his walkie-talkie. Sam just kept on drawing, she was used to Dustin's exuberance, and snorted at his and her mothers similar whining a few minutes later in the living-room.

Monday morning was as usual. Sam woke first, enjoyed the fact that Dustin still was so young that he didn't need the bathroom for an extended period of time. She took a quick shower, brushed her teeth and then in her room threw on a pair of blue jeans rolled up at the bottoms of the legs, found a simple white shirt that she tied in a knot at the front by her hip, laced her Chuck Taylor's and grabbed her brown blazer and brown leather back-pack. She stopped in front of her mirror and threw her hair to her left side in the same style she always wore her unruly curls in, and put some liner around her eyes, mascara on her lashes and some blush on her cheeks. She stood contemplating if she should wear a scarf or something around her neck when she heard the honk from Jonathan's car outside, a thud from Dustin's room, and then his not so quiet "sonofabitch".

Not riding a bus to school anymore had been a great bonus from reuniting with Jonathan. He always passed her house on his way to school, so one day Jonathan had stopped by the bus stop and looked

at her and asked "You want a ride in the mornings?" and Sam had just grinned that infectious smile she had, and nodded happily. Sam hurried out of her room, foregoing a scarf and nabbed the sandwich her mother had prepared, and hurried up to the car, jumping in behind Jonathan and smirking as Dustin stumbled out of the door to his bike just as they drove off.

"Mornin' Will" Sam greeted and Will turned around with a big smile. Gosh he was cute. "Excited for Halloween?" Will nodded and immediately started telling her of how they'd all decided their costumes and how they'd been planning this for weeks. Sam smiled and exchanged a look with Jonathan who just shook his head at her grinning face; he was reminded of their last Trick-or-Treating year when Sam had decided they were to end their Trickin' with a bang. They'd covered the police station in pink toilet paper. Sam was quite proud of that; the beets she'd bought had given the paper a perfect shade of pink and she was still convinced that it was thanks to the beets they'd never been caught. The scrubbing to clean the sink and her hands from the pink had been worth it to see chief Hopper's face as he stopped at the entrance the next day. She'd also grinned even wider when she'd heard him scold Officer Callahan on how he could've let it happen since he'd been working the night shift.

"Dustin's just as excited as you. I reminded him of Principal Coleman, you know how Dustin is when it comes to nougat" Sam winked and Will nodded. They dropped Will off, who yelled a "bye" before hurrying inside to meet up with the guys, Sam shaking her head as Jonathan drove them a bit further to park by the High School.

"Your brother is adorable Jonathan. Isn't it weird that they're thirteen this year? I feel old" she sighed and Jonathan gave her one of those rare smiles before he nodded that he was walking off. She thanked him again for the ride, before she spotted Tina by a car together with Carol and Pamela. Tina and her was an unlikely friendship, but Tina was hard to not like. She was up front with things, good or bad, and had taken a liking to Sam after Sam helping her out at a party where Tina had a little too much to drink. Sam making sure that she wouldn't have to endure any public embarrassment had made her one of Tina's best friends.

"Hey Sam, how're ya?" Sam nodded at Pamela who smiled and Carol

who gave her a bland smile as she looked her up and down. Sam could understand it, compared to the three of them who seemed to love being decked out in color; Sam had always been a more muted palette kind of a girl.

"Hi, I'm good. You?" Sam never said much when the other girls were around, they annoyed her and she knew that they were gossipers. Tina just smiled but continued on.

"I've decided to throw a party, you should come." Pamela smiled and turned to her nodding.

"Yeah, it's a costume-party, obviously cause of Halloween, so we're talking of what to dress up as."

"I'm thinking of going as Rizzo from Grease or Madonna" Tina said and smirked, winking at Sam proudly as Sam snorted that Tina had made sure to steal two costumes. Sam hoped Tina chose Madonna so she wouldn't have to see twenty Madonna's at that party.

"I'm thinking of going as Princess Leia-" Pamela said and turned seriously towards Tina and Carol "-don't you think that hair-style will look great on me?" Carol nodded in answer and chewed her gum as she looked at Sam before flipping her hair and saying, quite pleased with herself.

"I'm going as Alex from Flashdance." Sam nodded and cocked her head to the side, contemplating if she should say something rude or not, but hesitated and instead turned towards Pamela as she touched Sam's arm.

"You have to come Sam." Sam smiled and opened her mouth to say that she would think about it, when they heard a loud rumbling from a car, all four of them glancing up to see it driving passed them, not slowing until it swung into a space. Sam had a moment to recognize the song from it's radio before she sighed and chuckled at the three girls.

"See you guys later" and smiled as they mumbled something in reply, too interested in seeing who was going to walk out of the driver-seat. Sam hiked up her bag and passed them, beginning to walk down the

hill towards the entrance and her locker. She nodded at Trevor, who had his locker close-by and smiled as she heard him tell his friends of how he'd told her of his theories over Murrays presence, before turning to her locker and her combination. As she grabbed her books, she nodded in greeting to Lisa who sat behind her in the next class, and they walked off together chatting about their weekends on their way.

As she sat down, she smiled as Lisa behind her started to talk to the other kids in their class about the new kid who'd apparently moved from California. There wasn't much information about him, but she was gushing, hoping she'd have a class with him. Sam only paid half-attention, but straightened as the teacher came in and began. They were a quarter in to their lesson, when the door opened and the teacher stopped talking, the students started whispering and Sam felt Lisa nudge her on the shoulder to look up. There he was.

He stood smirking at the class, wearing blue jeans that sat loose around a pair of boots, tightening around his thighs, a white simple shirt and a blue jean-jacket. His blonde curly hair was styled in the same 'I don't care'-style and Sam sighted the bling of something gold around his neck and on his ear. She would have felt rude for staring at him so thoroughly if it wasn't for the fact that he seemed to like it, only smirking wider as he glanced at their teacher who still hadn't spoken. *'Poor miss Foster'* Sam thought amusedly.

"Class-" miss Foster began and cleared her throat as her voice came out breathy "-this is a new student, Billy Hargrove who has joined us from California. Billy, why don't you sit down in that empty seat next to Lisa. Lisa show Billy where you are" miss Foster said and Sam smirked as she looked down at her notepad. Lisa sighed out a "Hi" as Billy sauntered towards her and sat down, leaning back in his seat and looking around at all the staring faces. Miss Foster called for the class' attention again and continued, but everybody was more interested in the new guy. The new guy that Sam were itching to continue study.

Miss Foster was talking to them about the book they were reading, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde', trying to make the class participate, but most of them were ignoring her. Sam felt for her, being the somewhat teachers-pet that she was, and opened her mouth to contribute when

she heard Billy's voice from behind her.

"Mr. Hyde's just angry he's ugly. Bet you if he'd just met a girl he'd be calmer." The class laughed as he smirked pleased and Sam scowled, disappointed at his shallowness and rolled her eyes at herself. *'What did she expect from a guy that probably spent more time in front of the mirror than Carol.'*

"Mr Hyde may have looked like his inner self; the one without impulse control and no regrets-" Sam almost chickened out as the class went quiet and she felt all eyes on hers "-but the true badness lay in Dr. Jekyll. He was the one who wanted to find a way to indulge and make bad decisions without feeling regret. Mr. Hyde is nothing more than a simple predator, doing what's in its nature, while the so called civilized and polished Dr. Jekyll who enjoyed the power he got, is the real monster." She swallowed, her throat feeling dryer than usual, and glanced around herself at her classmates before she stared at her paper with her face burning. Particularly the left side of her face; she knew Billy Hargrove was glaring at her.

The rest of the lesson went quickly, miss Foster told them to discuss the chapter they'd had as homework to read, which obviously meant that they all just sat around talking. Sam was doodling in her notebook, trying to listen as Billy was asked of where he'd lived before, how come he was here and if he were single. *'The girls had no problems in flirting'* Sam thought amusedly and grinned to herself. Sam looked up to her right to see the clock a minute from ringing and so stretched and made a last notation in her notebook, already planning the rest of her day in her mind. As the bell rang and all the student's stood to leave, or crowd around Billy as he walked out, Sam gathered her things and hiked her bag up on her shoulder smiling as she passed Tina in the hallway who were passing out orange papers.

"You're coming" Tina said and Sam smiled wider, nodding. Sam hadn't been to a party in ages so she was looking forward to just have a night off where she could dance with her school-friends and be stupid. She glanced down at the orange piece of paper, snorting at the typical invitation, before she went to her next class. After that one, she went to the cafeteria, got her lunch and sat down by Lee who looked up, muttered "hi" before he hunched back down over his sketchpad. Her art-friends weren't the most social, art taking up most

of their focus, but they got along and let her act as she wanted.

Sam had always been able to have friends from different cliques, not really being popular but not either blending in. She was well liked, never rude but not overly nice either. She just chatted with those she found she had something in common with and ignored those she didn't. She was known to be a bit of a loner, but a straight shooter.

She leaned back against the wall and opened her bottle of orange-juice as she looked around the cafeteria. She found Jonathan on the other side of the room, looking all misunderstood, James Dean-like hunched over a book, Nancy and Steve a few tables away with their heads close together, Nancy looking down at her tray picking at her food as Steve had his arm behind her leaning in towards her and whispering with a smile.

Sam smiled in greeting as Gert and Tim sat down with their own trays before continuing to peruse the lunchroom, and finally found him at the middle tables with the populars, smirking and winking at the appreciative looks he was receiving. She shook her head but kept her eyes on him with her head to the side, looking on as Tommy practically stumbled all over him. Tommy had had a tough year after Steve broke up with him for Nancy. Tommy was a follower. He wanted someone to idolize and to be steered by. He wanted the popularity and was apparently smart enough to recognize that he didn't hold enough sway on his own. Noah, who sat next to them, was the same. He'd always been quieter than Tommy, who were loud and mean-spirited, but he was still what Sam classified as the typical jock.

Sam shook her head before she turned to Gert and Tim, asking them of what their plans were for their art-class and if they were going to Tina's party. As usual, the lunch break were over too soon and Sam packed up her things, greeting Steve as he apologized for cutting before her to throw away his trash, and then continued to her locker for her next period.

Her last class of the day was art and she'd started the outline of her painting, drawing up the lines she was to follow. She was always the worst in the beginning of her paintings; it was then she had this exact picture in her head of how things were to look and was unable to

compromise it. Later when she'd painted a while, she would relax and let up a little bit, letting the feeling of painting rule her more than her sketch. The class had ended half an hour ago, but Mr Reed always let his students stay if they didn't have a class after, while he went to his office to grade his papers or what not.

She took a step back from her canvas, leaning backwards to get a good view of the whole thing, when she heard stumbling behind her from two pair of feet together with huffing and giggling, scowling when she found Carol and Billy locked by their lips breathing heavily and Carol making small noises Sam wished she could delete from her memory immediately. Sam got a small ball in her stomach from seeing them, but tried to act like nothing. She cleared her throat loudly, raising her eyebrows at Carol as she turned and glared at Billy's scowl.

"I think you got the wrong classroom" Sam muttered and stared at Billy. He didn't look to be uncomfortable at all, more annoyed, as he sighed and looked around the room at the art-supplies.

"Sorry Sam-" Carol murmured and tried to fix her lipstick and hair inconspicuously, failing quite readily "-we were just.." Sam raised an eyebrow at Carol's search for words.

"What it's to you? Come on, let's leave the monster to her own creation" Billy sneered and Sam felt her stomach clench. She knew he'd been mad at her for challenging him during class. Carol looked anxiously at Sam who just sighed, waved them out and turned back to her canvas; ignoring them as they left. She inwardly grinned as she saw his displeasure from her not reacting to his words, and straightened her back proudly.

Sam had always been determined, and quickly learned that if you didn't stand up for yourself, no one else would either.

Reviews are appreciated!